

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 6.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1927

FIVE CENTS. \$2 THE YEAR

The World in the Week's News

Wednesday, August 3

"I don't choose to run for President in 1928." This laconic statement, typed on small pieces of paper, was passed out to newspaper correspondents by President Calvin Coolidge at his summer residence near Rapid City, South Dakota. It set the political world agog, and statements were rife from all party camps, differing considerably on what the president meant and what bearing his ambiguous statement would have on the political fortunes of the Republican party next year.

Mabel Normand, film comedienne, stricken with pleurisy in her Beverley Hills home.

Japan offers compromise in demand for warships in an effort to hold naval parley at Geneva together.

California peach growers and packers said to have arrived at compromise and settlement of peach price battle.

Aimee McPherson and her mother, Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, reported to have settled all differences in regard to the control of the "Four Square Gospel" organization in Los Angeles and plan to "split" funds of the temple.

"Miss Ventura" awarded crown as "Miss California" in annual "beauty" contest for final selection of "Miss America".

Thursday, August 4

Governor Fuller of Massachusetts decides that Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, charged with riot murder seven years ago, must die on electric chair for alleged crimes. National and international protests and demonstrations have failed to save the two men.

"I do not choose to run" statement of President Coolidge draws further opinions as to effect and meaning of statement.

Peach growers and canners sign agreement for an average \$25 a ton price for fruit.

Geneva naval pact conference reported to have collapsed through refusal of powers to agree as to allotted tonnage and gun limitations.

Lita Chaplin refuses Charlie Chaplin's offer of \$1,000,000 settlement of divorce case.

Congressman Nicholas Longworth in San Francisco says that San Francisco bay bridge is "Nation's duty".

Friday, August 5

Two bank branches in Oakland robbed
(Turn to Page Two)

Lincoln Steffens Throws Mild Bomb into Ranks of Women's Peace Club

Chief of Police Englund Injured In Auto Accident

CHIEF of Police August Englund, who was injured in an automobile crash last Sunday afternoon is resting comfortably today, after returning from the hospital where an X-ray was taken to ascertain if any glass remained in the deep cuts above his temple.

The Chief and Mrs. Englund were on their way to Monterey about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when a car driven by Robert Wolters of Carmel Valley approached a curve at a high rate of speed. Englund threw on the brakes and drew up on the side of the road, but the Wolters car crashed into him, shattering the glass on the windshield and throwing him heavily against the wheel. He suffered from loss of blood and delirium on Sunday night, and Mrs. Englund was badly bruised and shocked.

State Traffic Officer Louis Trenner and Traffic Officer Christensen of Carmel, who investigated the crash, arrested Wolters on a charge of reckless driving. He is at present at liberty and will appear before Justice of the Peace Ray Baugh within the next few days.

"Kick In" Offered by Abalone League

KICK In", the famous crook play, that had a most successful run in New York, and will be given Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, for the Abalone League, is the story of Chick Hughes, who was "sent up" for forgery, and came out of prison, determined to run straight. He married Molly Hughes, and in spite of all his good intentions and excellent behavior, he found his only friends and companions were among the people who were outside the

(Turn to Page Twelve)

IRONY is a tricky weapon of speech at all times. Lincoln Steffens, favorably known "Liberal"—his own characterization of his political faith—and one-time king-pin of the muckrakers, almost demonstrated last Sunday night that irony cannot safely be used among fellow Liberals.

He spoke at Unity Hall before an audience that overflowed to the geraniums outside the windows. The Carmel branch of the International Women's League for Peace and Freedom sponsored him; but there were many present who were neither Liberals nor Leaguers—just neutral.

Taking a handful of Mexican revolutions, the two recent Russian examples and the exploits of Mussolini in Italy for illustrations, Mr. Steffens gave it as his conclusion that the same system of shadow government or overlordship which swings American cities to corruption is responsible in a large way for the world's wars and revolutionary upheavals.

"Pacifist though I am", said Steffens, "under the present unthinking condition of the herd, which is all of us thinkers—not the doers—my advice to Americans is to prepare right now for the next great war. It is the men of action, not the highly moral thinking people who agitate for peace, who are responsible for all wars and upheavals."

When the prominent Liberal alluded with a gracious smile to the announcement made before his speech to the effect that the Carmel branch of the League now had something over \$30 in the treasury, dedicated to the cause of world peace, a certain restlessness was observable among the members of the League. This crystallized into a polite approach to heckling when, upon finishing his address, Mr. Steffens said he was ready to answer questions.

Prof W. S. Smit, instead of asking a question, made a brief speech. Miss Anne Martin wanted to know if Mr. Steffens thought there was no place for educational work in teaching the world to be good. Edward Berwick wanted to know if the speaker did not think that greed rather than need made the world's wars.

Mr. Steffens smilingly defended his position.

by daylight bandits of approximately \$40,000 in cash and bonds.

Fight to save Sacco and Vanzetti started afresh. United States Supreme court may be appealed to.

Geneva naval conference ends, but new hope expressed in direct negotiation between nations.

H. L. Todd, secretary and manager of the Masonic club of San Francisco, named acting postmaster of San Francisco, vice James E. Power, who has announced his intention to run for mayor of San Francisco.

Five banks in Owens Valley closed their doors, explaining that the "destructive work carried on by the city of Los Angeles" in its water war with the Owens valley ranches is responsible.

Reno's three-months' residence divorce law upheld and there is a rush of new aspirants for freedom to the Nevada city.

Saturday, August 6

Two bomb explosions occur in New York subway. Two persons were killed and six injured. Police attribute outrages to Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers.

Henry Kohler Axton, Stanford student, killed in airplane crash at Oakland airport while studying aviation.

Dole Hawaiian airplane race contestant forced down at Modesto on way to starting point at San Francisco.

Automobile, in which Oakland bank bandits escaped, found near robberies, but no trace of bandits.

Sunday, August 7

Wigginton E. Creed, president of the Pacific Gas and Electric company, dies at his home in Piedmont.

Prince of Wales greeted by Canadians at garden party in Toronto.

World police vigilant in fear of Sacco-Vanzetti riots and demonstrations.

General Leonard Wood, governor-general of the Philippines, dies in Boston.

Woman killed in blast in San Diego said to have been Sacco-Vanzetti terror victim.

Monday, August 8

Mayor Rolph of San Francisco announces his candidacy for re-election as mayor.

Sacco-Vanzetti defense committee plans march on Boston to "vindicate the good name of American justice in the eyes of the world."

George Bernard Shaw says: "Men without religion are moral cowards", and he adds "and mostly physical cowards, too, when they are sober".

Five planes are so far ready for hop to Hawaii to win Dole prize of \$35,000.

Ceremonies held at Buffalo, N. Y. on the new bridge between United States and Canada. The Prince of Wales was present.

Tuesday, August 9

American consulate at Cherbourg, France, defended against threatened assault of Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers.

Gas explosion wrecks Pacific Acetylene

plant in San Diego, with five persons injured and \$36,000 damage to property.

Prune growers merger to control prices in California fails with 20,000 acres holding out.

Republican National Committee chairman says party leaders want 1928 convention in San Francisco.

FIRST NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT FOUND IN LONDON PAPER

What is believed to be the first newspaper advertisement has recently been discovered in the files of a London Newspaper. It was exhibited at the Advertising Exhibition and Convention held in London during July. The ad is from a paper published in London December 13, 1695. It reads as follows:

"A Commander of a very good merchant ship wants an apprentice that hath his Pen well, and understands Arithmetick to assist him in keeping the Books and doing of Business, and hath Friends who will be bound for his true and faithful Service during his Apprenticeship."

"NIGHT IN CAIRO" IS ENJOYED AT DEL MONTE

Last Thursday night "A Night in Cairo" was staged at Hotel Del Monte, when a Bedouin tent was stretched over the dancers. Robert Carmen-Ryles staged the he will stage "A Night in Pekin." On he will stage "A Night in Pekin". On August 18 "A Night in Montmartre" will be the attraction, and on August 25 "A Night in Venice" will be given. The climax . . . and best evening of the series will be on September 1, when "The Carmel Follies" will be staged by a number of local people.

SHANER-MILLS WEDDING

On Saturday afternoon, July 30, Miss Ruth Eleanor Mills, of New York City, sister of Mrs. Delmar Call, of Carmel and Los Gatos, became the bride of George F. Shaner at a quiet wedding at Del Monte Chapel. After the wedding supper was served at the Call home on Scenic Drive and the young couple left on a motor trip to Lake Tahoe. Upon their return they will make their home at "Marienwood" Shaner's estate, until the Spanish bungalow, now under construction on the Saratoga road is completed.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

TAL JOSSELYN AND MRS.

FLORENCE THORNTON MARRIED

Mrs. Florence Thornton and Mr. Talbert Josselyn were married at the Berkeley Unitarian Church at two o'clock last Saturday afternoon, by the Rev. Vander Lann Mrs. Charles Berkey was matron of honor, and Mr. Winsor Josselyn best man. The wedding was a very quiet one, Mrs. Alice Josselyn, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Josselyn, and Miss Georgia Sally White being the only guests.

After the ceremony the wedding luncheon was given in San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Josselyn left on the S. S. Alexander for Seattle. They will visit Glacier Park, the Canadian Rockies and Yellowstone, and will be away three weeks or a month.

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3 BAD MEN

From the story "Over the Border"

John Ford production

George O'Brien, Olive Borden
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Clie B. Frances, Phyllis Harver

News Collegiates Comedy

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CHILDREN AND ADULTS

DENISHAWN METHOD
BALL ROOM

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ARTS AND CRAFTS THEATER

All Stars Lose To Murphy's Men

ON Sunday Fred Godwin's All Stars took the field against "Murphy's Men", who took home to Mike the big end of a 12 to 3 score. The All Stars were: Ammerman, pitcher, Otto catcher, George Ball 1, Fred Godwin, 2, Lew Johns 3, By Ford, short, Josselyn, left Dorsey, centre, Campbell, middle Stanton, right.

Murphy's men were: Byron Prior, pitcher, Root, catcher, Ollason, 1 Murphy 2, Handley 3, Renslow shortstop Uzzell, left Thompson center, Mike Uzzell middle, Meeks, left field.

The All Stars went out without a run in the first inning, but the hard hitting Murphy (who reminds us strangely of the Pirates) got two runs, when Prior hit, and with two out stole home on Mike Uzzell's hit. He also came home. In their half of the second the All Stars again refused to shine, and the Murphy's got six hits and four runs. Ollason started off with a two bagger, Bert Uzzell did the same thing, and Vic Renslow and By Prior hit. Handley was safe at first on errors, and Vic, who had been dancing around third suddenly remembered that By had stolen home, and did the same thing in his customary easy style. Judge Thompson, who can play for Murphy's because he's their criminal lawyer, then walked and Mike Uzzell, spurred on by the yells from the bleachers, got his two bagger, and in all four runs were scored.

The All Stars were becoming a bit tired of this, for here was an aggregation of the best players in the league getting the wrong end of the stick. So Winsor gets a hit, George Ball was safe on first. Lawrie and Fred were out to Campbell and Renslow, and By Ford walked with the bases full. Then By Prior, still smiling, struck out his old team mate, who was playing a pretty game at third against him. He's a good boy to have in the box in an emergency, is By.

Frank Murphy, erstwhile Crescent Captain, then hit a nice single and stole second. Root and Ollason were out to Fred Godwin and Lew Johns. Then Uzzell hit and stole second, and Vic came to bat and hit a two bagger over second. Of course By Prior, couldn't let that pass, so he did the same thing. Either those two are in cahoots, or just show each other up for meanness, but whatever it is, it's effective. Two runs were scored.

Then Gordy Campbell got on base as Vic played marbles around short stop, Otto was out, Bob Stanton was safe, and just to show how easy it is for the best of us to make a mistake. Vic makes another error. One run came in. When the All Stars took the field, Fred Godwin was playing centre and Charlie Berkey second. and the Murphy's didn't score. In the sixth By Prior caught two men out, and Mike Uzzell caught Fred Godwin's liner. Then Root, Ollason, Uzzell, all got to first, and Vic hit straight through the pitcher's

box, catching Freddy Ammerman on the knee. By Prior was out to Gordy, who didn't miss a chance all afternoon, and Vic stole home. Handley was out on a pretty play of By Ford's.

Ollason made a nice play at first putting Campbell out in the seventh, and they did not score. In the eighth it was pretty, Winsor got to first, and with two out Fred Godwin come to bat and hit a long home run, while By and Mike and Vic stood and watched it travel and travel.

In the ninth, Ollason was out to Gordy Campbell, who played a fine game, Bert Uzzell, who batted one thousand percent yesterday got to first and stole second, Vic was out to the pitcher, and By got caught between third and home. Johns got a



THE CYMBAL offers
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The Art Temperaments of Northern and Southern California Compared

By Arthur Millier
(In the Argue)

TO leave the art circles of Los Angeles for those of San Francisco is always a curious experience. They are poles apart, these two cities. Their people have different traditions, live differently; their artists view life from different angles, look for different things in nature. These general variations are sufficiently marked to produce something akin to hostility between the two camps of artists. Anyone who is familiar with the two cities knows that juries of artists in either of them find it very difficult to accept for exhibition any large quantity of work from the neighboring group, and knows also that this is not the result of civic prejudice but of an honest inability to see much artistic merit in the typical productions of the other group.

Many things contribute to this impasse, and I propose to enumerate a few of them here. Broadly one may say that the typical art of San Francisco is urban and esthetic, that of Los Angeles rural and naturalistic. San Francisco is a city that, with well established civic traditions, has attracted city people. Los Angeles has drawn the bulk of her people from the agrarian states of the country and most of her artists, even though from the cities of those regions, have their root in the life of the farm.

City people are already interested in art in what has been done, in the currents of contemporary art production. Country people are not so concerned with art or the cultural tradition but are necessarily face to face with nature. Thus one finds that the typical art production of San Francisco reflects the art of the past and the art of the present as it is known in the great world centers, while the typical art product of Los Angeles reflects nothing but Southern California.

The physical structure of either community doubtless has its influence on the artists. San Francisco has a definite artists' center. The Italian quarter, Russian and Telegraph Hills and the California School of Fine Arts may all be enclosed in a small circle within which the majority of the city's artists either live, work or come together for frequent exchange of ideas. This makes for discussion, spreads new ideas, and tends to develop the intellectual side of art.

Los Angeles is physically reversed, decentralized. Here you will look in vain for a cultural center. Artists are scattered through outlying communities and rarely meet. They make their homes and studios where the natural surroundings please them most, by preference isolating themselves from the busy life of the town and facing that landscape they enjoy painting. They concern themselves little with abstract theories of art, giving their whole time to the interpretation of nature.

These comments are of course very general and overlook many exceptions. My thought in writing them is that juries, finding it necessary to pass on works from the neighboring city, may be able to discover a new vantage point from which to judge those works. As arch-types of the art of either city I might cite two artists who have both influenced and been influenced by their respective communities. They are William Wendt of Los Angeles, and Maynard Dixon of San Francisco. Both of these men have the same desire: to interpret the West. But their attitudes and final goals are markedly different. Dixon tends more and more to develop a mural, decorative art for urban adornment, sacrificing the subtleties of nature to the aims of architecture. Wendt's painting, on the other hand is far more concerned with the nuances of atmosphere, the feel of outdoors, and his whole effort is increasingly bent toward enclosing the breath of nature within his frame.

Either of these methods can produce art of the highest order, but it will not be the same kind of art. It is fashionable today to talk about the "fundamentals of art," but no two people describe the same fundamentals. Wherever artists are sincerely working and thinking, art will be produced. To arrive at a sympathetic appreciation of their work it can hardly be amiss to consider their aims and the background against which they create.



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CARMELTM CYMBAL

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City Official Paper of Carmel-by-the-Sea

Carmel Circus Furnishes Fun

R EPORTS are not as yet available as to whether or not the Arts and Crafts Circus last week was a financial success, but there was a large crowd in attendance and the receipts probably more than offset the expenses of the affair.

The streets were well lined with the expectant populace three hours before the parade deigned to make its appearance, and there was considerable carnival spirit in the air. Confetti of two varieties was much in evidence and passing machines were decorated with the flying paper. It was evident that there were many visitors in town and these seemed to get into the spirit of the occasion, if not voluntarily, through the offices of young roisterers who maintained a street camp in front of Eliot & Marian's shop and made sport of motorists and pedestrians alike. One of the special stunts of this bunch was the halting of machines, and while a part of the group innocently decorated the front of the automobile with confetti, another tied an empty oil can to the rear. The clatter and bang of the departing car added zest to the occasion.

Chief of Police Gus Englund on his beautiful black horse was the first in the parade and the finest. His ability to dance the horse back and forth across the street as he marched brought forth much applause from the spectators. It was disappointing, however, to many that little Gail Johnson as "Miss Carmel" did not precede Chief Englund as had been scheduled. As it was Gail, with her wondering eyes and fairy figure made a great hit as she rode in an automobile with the bevy of Carmel beauties representing various sections of the community.

The grandstand, bleachers and standing room inside the "Big Top" were filled ear-

ly, and the ceremonies started off with a professional promptness once the parade was over. Steve Glassell, as the ringmaster, was wonderfully rigged up for the occasion, but he gracefully surrendered his job to Frank Sheridan when that most efficient Big Boss assumed the reigns in the ring. The parade of the bathing beauties, led by little Gail, made an instant hit and the audience wanted to hold the parading line of juvenile hip swayers longer than the program provided.

The comedy of the clowns was provided by Ernie Schweninger, Robert Stanton and Fred Godwin and whenever Sheridan gave them a chance to do their stuff they were funny. Innumerable examples of the efficiency of horses in various gaits, some rough riding, interesting horse tricks and a Western Houdini helped to make the program a success. Elliot Durham showed us what his dog "Bob" could do and the program ended with two water fights between the fire department and the town ruffians, the latter winning the first contest and getting a draw in the second. Arthur Cyril raffled off one of his Russian wolfhound puppies and Ben Wetzel held the lucky number.

It was a successful carnival day for Carmel.

ONE PART OF US IS BUSY EVEN IF WE HAVE A BAD SUMMER

The rat-ta-tat of the electric hammer on Dr. R. A. Kocher's building at Dolores and Seventh, the construction work on the Harrison Memorial Library at Ocean and Lincoln and the activities of the Frederickson & Watson company on the sewer all over the north end of town gives Carmel an aspect of bustle despite the fact that this is one of the poorest summers on record from the standpoint of summer visitors and business generally. The Kocher rivetter can be heard all over the city. It has been remarked by many that it makes one imagine he is in San Francisco. The building frame is going up rapidly, or as rapidly as such high class construction will permit, and is drawing the surprised approbation of both visitors and residents alike.

The Memorial Library work isn't creating much excitement. In its present stage of wood walls and scaffolding it might just as well be the framework for a good barn.

As for the sewer work, residents north of Ocean avenue are never quite certain when they come down town in the morning whether or not they will be able to get home at night. In some instances whole blocks have been marooned for days.

But the construction company is rushing

the work and progressing with surprising rapidity when one considers the difficulty encountered in the hills and gulleys on the north side.

In the gully at Fourth street, between Monte Verde and Lincoln streets, the company is having considerable difficulty in getting through what has been found to be a deep and wide strata of hard rock. Blasting is necessary and the geysers of rock fall heavily on the houses in the neighborhood.

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PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hufschmidt and Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Hamilton spent a few days on the Peninsula recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mays returned to Carmel on Sunday from San Francisco, where they spent several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Moore arranged a deer hunt in the mountains back of Carmel in honor of their guests Miss Genevieve Glendinning, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt, who have recently returned from Europe, and Messrs. William S. Tevis Jr. and Jean de Saine Cyr.

John Bassett came down from Oakland on Sunday and will be in town with his father and grandmother for a fortnight.

Mrs. Irwin Crocker, Misses Marion Zeile and Louisa and Marjorie Trickey have been spending several days at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollister McGuire and their daughter have returned to their home in Woodland Gardens, Piedmont, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Durham in town.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and her daughter, Mrs. Atherton Russell, who expects to build shortly in Hatton Fields, with Miss Margaret Hayden, have left for Honolulu.

Mrs. George Curtis Singletary and son and twin daughters, Byron, Martha Jane and Mary Ellen, have taken a house in Carmel for the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Benson of Palo Alto are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Phillips in Carmel. Mrs. Benson (Margaret Clute) is well known in Carmel, where she lived for some years before her marriage.

Mrs. Jack Reiners and her two daughters Anita and Frances, are in town from Fresno and are in one of the Yates cottages on Ocean Avenue for a month.

Mrs. Olivia Warfield and Miss Blanche Tolmie came down from Piedmont for a week or ten days, and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Warfield.

Mrs. Alice Josselyn, and Mr. Winsor Josselyn have returned from Berkeley, where they went to attend Mr. Talbert Josselyn's marriage to Mrs. Florence Thornton.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Hill, of Los Angeles, Mrs. M. Lyas, of London, England, and Miss Flora Parker of Detroit, motored to Carmel and spent the weekend at Highlands Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Griffith of Santa

Barbara were in Carmel over the week end.

Mrs. Ralph Todd, and her sister, Mrs. Eliot Coburn are in San Francisco for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gaylord Fisher have arrived from New York and are staying at Highlands Inn. Mrs. Fisher was Miss Ella Shaw, sister of Mrs. E. H. Tickle, before her marriage in New York last Spring.

Miss Ysabel Chase was hostess at a dinner party at her home in Pebble Beach last week when she honored several of her friends who are visiting here, and others who are leaving shortly. They were Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris and Francis McComas, who are leaving shortly for Tahiti, and Mr. and Mrs. John Emerson, who are staying at the Lodge. Mrs. Emerson, better known to the reading public as Anita Loos, will return soon to Hollywood where she will rewrite "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes for the screen.

Miss May Kennedy of Port Henry, New York, has been in Carmel for a week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheridan at their home in Carmel Woods. Miss Kennedy, who was a neighbor of the Sheridans at their Adirondack summer camp, is a prominent educator in the East.

H. A. Garner has taken the agency for the Dodge Brothers automobile for "this side of the hill", including Carmel, Pebble Beach, the Highlands and Carmel Valley.

Miss Anne Walcott left yesterday for Santa Barbara where she will visit her grandmother, Mrs. Charles Walcott for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nichols, Miss Iola Nichols and Miss Laurel Lincoln, and Master Dean Nichols motored to Oakland over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boke have announced the engagement of their daughter, Mrs. Eliot Coburn, to Mr. Joseph Schaffner, of Chicago. The wedding will take place quietly in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford, of San Mateo, whose wedding was a recent event of social interest, are honeymooning on the Peninsula.

A group of Carmel boys have gone to Boucher's Gap for a few days camping trip, among them being Tom Warren, Maurice Stoney, Dick Criley, Austin Chinn, and Gordy Campbell. They drove

down as far as the motor would go, and then hiked inland. Alexander Spoehr and Eugene Roelhing recently returned from an eight days fishing and camping trip down the Coast.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

LEIDIG BUYS BUTCHER SHOP

Lawrence Leidig has purchased the butcher store in his building from H. A. Jackson, and in future it will be run in connection with Leidig's Grocery. The shop was opened about three months ago.



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Bernard Shaw Says If a Man Is Sober He Believes in Religion

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—"This much I know, looking at life at 70: Men without religion are moral cowards, and mostly physical cowards, too, when they are sober."

This is one of the tart expressions of George Bernard Shaw, famous author, playwright and philosopher, who granted George Sylvester Vierick an interview, which will appear in Liberty Magazine this week. Continuing, Shaw says:

"Civilization cannot survive without religion. I can conceive of salvation without a God, but I cannot conceive of it without religion."

"Evolution is a mystical process. It engulfed Europe in the World war. Germany was not specially to blame for the conflict. Compared with Weismann, the Kaiser was as innocent as a lamb. Even Poincare was comparatively guiltless. The cause of Europe's miseries was its lack of religion."

Discussing Socialism and his advocacy of equality of income, Shaw said:

"If you destroy the social balance by making a man monstrously rich, you destroy that man's mental balance also. All rich men who are nothing but rich, are mad men. Nero was a civilized person endowed with remarkable talents. But the possession of supreme power made him crazy. If he had not gone crazy he would have made a name for himself as a violinist."

Concerning love Shaw let himself loose with a fine burst of contempt. "Love," he said, "lacks personal interest. Love is the most impersonal of all the passions. Even Shakespeare could not make it interesting. Every man is the same sort of idiot when he is in love."

"A happy marriage may last fifty years; a sex infatuation can not be depended upon to last fifty minutes. But the infatuation may produce a first rate baby."

"Bad temper is a better ground for divorce than adultery. The relations of the sexes can never be really wholesome until woman achieves complete economic freedom."

"What would you do with poverty?"

"Prohibit it. If necessary by putting to death every person earning less than \$3000 a year or asking for more. Poverty is a malignant and infectious disease, and idleness is the root form of the crime of theft."

"Do you think marriage will develop along the revolutionary lines evolved by the Russians?"

"The Russians have not evolved any revolutionary lines. They have tightened

up the Russian marriage laws so as to force persons who live together to marry one another, even if they have to divorce their wives and husbands to make that possible."

Max Panteleieff Plans Recitals

MAX Panteleieff, the famous baritone who is in Carmel for the summer, and his gifted wife, Consuelo Cloos, who has a dramatic mezzo-soprano voice of great beauty, have arranged for a series of recitals to be given in Carmel this month.

The first one will be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dickinson on Carmel Point, on the night of Monday, August 15 at 8 p. m. The composers for this recital will be Glinka, Dargomizsky, Rubenstein and Moussorgsky. The second recital will be held at the Greene Studio at Lincoln and 13 on Monday, August 22, and the works of Tchaikowsky, Borodin, Cui, and Rinsky-Korsakov will be heard.

On Monday August 29, also at the Greene Studio, Saknousky, Gliere, Gretchaninow, Arensky, Rachmaninoff, Malashkin, Greve-Sobalevsky and Leishin, will be the composers whose works the two artists have chosen. The last of the series, on Monday September 5, the composers will include Wagner, Verdi, Bizet, Sgambati, Gounod, Massenet, Diaz and Leoncavallo.

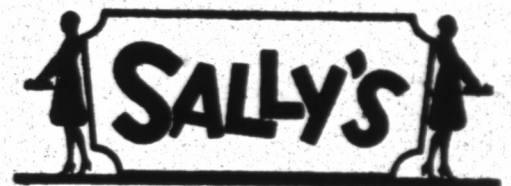
Cast For "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Given

GEORGE Ball, director of the Carmel Players, has announced the complete cast for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the play that opens the 1927-28 season of the Theatre of The Golden Bough. This

play is the first of a series of six which Miss Denny and Mis Watrous have arranged with the Carmel Players to put on at the Golden Bough. The series is to indicate by typical plays in a very general way the development of progress of the stage from 1850 to the present time. Not all of the plays have been chosen yet, but we rejoice to say that "Hedda Gabler" and "Liliom" are on the list.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" with Rem as Uncle Tom, Jadwiga Noskowiak as little Eva, Neville Brush as St. Claire, Hobart Glassell as Simon Legree, Sallie Maxwell as Topsy, and many other talented people, promises to be a splendid performance. The entire cast is as follows:

Uncle Tom	Rem Remsen
St. Claire	Neville Brush
Shelby	Paul Flanders
Haley	George Seideneck
George Harris	Stanton Babcock
Phineas	Robert Hestwood
Tom Loker	Francis Whitaker
Marks	John Orcutt
Simon Legree	Hobart Glassell
Gumption Cute	Alden Almstead
Eva	Jadwiga Noskowiak
Eliza	Gladys Vander Roest
Cassy	Marian Todd
Topsy	Sallie Maxwell
Marie	Mary Shallue
Aunt Chloe	Louise Walcott
Aunt Ophelia	Louise Walcott



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Notes and Comment

NOTHING is more amusing than the despairing wails of declining industries along the roadway of industrial progress. We well remember when first electric storage batteries were installed in automobiles and the acetylene gas manufacturers used full page advertisements in the magazines in the effort to convince us that his innovation would fail. Not so very long ago the hardwood producers combined to battle through advertisements against the growing tendency toward disk wheels on automobiles. But the funniest one is the most recent. We noticed on the side of an ice wagon the other day this interesting bit of information: "A cake of ice never gets out of order."

BOB Ritchie brings a good one down from his recent travels in the gold country of the state. He says he was looking over a copy of a Downieville paper of a date prior to 1850 and noticed in the contributed news from Poker Flat the following: "It was pay day yesterday in Poker Flat and there was six fights. Except for the blood and hair laying around indiscriminate the town had a rather business-like appearance this morning."

It will be observed by the observant that on the front page of The Cymbal this week appears a column headed: "The world in the week's news." This is virtually a manifestation of our desire to augment the culture of the community. On one or two occasions recently we have overheard, or been told rather directly; "The only paper I read is The Cymbal; I'm terribly dumb about world news." So, we feel that it is a duty which we could not shirk to give those who read only The Cymbal something of what is going on beyond the Del Monte polo field. We are not dwelling under any illusion that much of what goes on beyond said polo field is of much importance in the daily round of our concerns and duties, but it is rather comforting once in a while to be able to answer more than a "Yes", "No?", or "Indeed!" when someone is talking deeply on what to them is a profound exposition of an affair of state.

One of the affairs of state on which it is possible you will hear persons of depth talking profoundly on Ocean avenue or while they are holding the dummy hand at bridge is that which hangs so tremendously on the opening quotation in today's column. "I do not choose to run for president in 1928", says Calvin Coolidge on slips of paper which he formally and officially passes around to startled newspaper correspondents in his summer White House in South Dakota. And we should have later noted in the column that over his awe-inspiring signature Wil-

liam Randolph Hearst bursts forth on the front pages of his various dailies: "Calvin Coolidge has been a great president and this statement makes him greater."

We haven't various dailies, nor an awe-inspiring signature, but our comment would be: "Calvin Coolidge has been a pitiful president and this statement makes him pitifuller." Having a dear old aunt in Vermont, we breathe apology to her with the remark that this so-called statement of President Coolidge is a typical Vermont statement of New England nothing. We can't even grant to Calvin Coolidge the possession of humor which would suggest that he sent forth these silly words to further the gaiety of an organization devoted to the promulgation of guessing contests. It is all the more ridiculous because the man who made it probably believes that he said something.

But great political minds, we are told in more recent issues of the great dailies have on the first flash of the news fastened with certainty on the meaning of this remarkable statement. "Calvin Coolidge has said that he will not under any circumstances run for president in 1928", they emphatically declare. And in the next column we have great political minds declaring with emphasis: "Calvin Coolidge has said that he will not run for President in 1927 unless the people demand it."

How far that vacillating statement is from any that could have come from the typewriter of a man like Theodore Roosevelt, of Grover Cleveland, or Abraham Lincoln, or Andrew Jackson—men of fortitude and might, of strength and certainty!

And it means just as much as it sounds. It doesn't mean anything at all, and it is safe bet, if you are looking for that sort of money, that Calvin Coolidge will be the Republican nominee for President next year if the Republican party wants to nominate him.

And all this broadcast weeping in the tents of the mighty in the party—in those tents which decide that the New England phraseology means "I will not"—isn't because of any exalted faith in Calvin Coolidge, or belief in his greatness as a president of the United States; it is based solely and simply on the political logic which says that an incumbent president who hasn't robbed the treasury or been caught bootlegging stands more than an even chance for re-election, and the return of a Republican to the presidency is, of course absolutely necessary to the fortunes of the Republican party and the office holders who are dependent on the Republican party regime for their jobs.

But the tears may be wiped away; Calvin Coolidge hasn't said he wasn't going to run for president in 1928. He has merely and with New England conservatism placed himself "in the hands of his friends", and they will do with him what they choose, not what he says he chooses, and it is certain that their choice will be born of what faith they have next year that he can be re-elected. It will be described—this choice of the Republican

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

war dogs—as the "mighty and unalterable will of the people", and Calvin Coolidge response will be a "great man's acceptance of a responsibility thrust upon him." But in truth it will be applesauce.

AND running further down in the column to Monday, August 8, we find the announcement of James Rolph Jr. that he will be a candidate for re-election as mayor of San Francisco. Which means, in so many words, that Herbert Fleishhacker will be a candidate for the dictatorship of San Francisco. And this isn't as bad as it sounds. Jimmie Rolph has neither the wit nor the intelligence to handle the responsibility that devolves on the mayor of a city of the size and importance of San Francisco, and to the credit of Jimmie Rolph we believe he knows it. In his statement setting forth the record of his administration, extending over a period of nearly a quarter of a century, he "points with pride" to the fact that there have been no political scandals since he took office; that his regime, following almost immediately on a reign of graft in the city administration, has been free from suspicion of governmental malfeasance and individual wrongdoing among men in municipal power. That he has been responsible for this is absurd. His administration has been handled carefully and sensibly by the Fleishhacker ring of "Big Men" of San Francisco and while they may have operated it somewhat to their personal advantage, they have primarily operated it to the advantage of Big Business and "Prosperity". No one has been robbed, no one had done any petty robbing. The conduct of affairs in the hands of the Fleishhacker group has been safe and sane and Fleishhacker has not been personally tempted beyond blushing permitting the municipal swimming pool to be named after him. Surely in the matter of public scandal and municipal crookedness, the municipal machinery of San Francisco has been well handled by Herbert Fleishhacker, and the people who may complain of the "invisible government" might better be thankful that they have had such competent fingers pulling the wires from the Angle & London Paris National Bank.

But it is not quite as certain this year that the Fleishhacker group will be successful in putting Jimmie Rolph back in the city hall to do their bidding and be safely guided by them. The "invisible government" of San Francisco suffered a severe jolt last year when McLeran and the rest of its supervisory candidates for re-election were lifted high on the shelf by the votes of the people. It was a staggering blow and one that the San Francisco Chronicle is still scratching its editorial head about. It would not have been quite so bad if it had not been so decisive—this defeat of the "Rolph supervisors". But it was terrible in the bigness of it. Franck Havenner, a newspaperman who had previously come into limelight principally because of his ineffectual management of the campaign of Robert LaFollette

for President in San Francisco, was swept into office along with a dozen men who are flatly and loudly against the administration of affairs as conducted by the Fleishhacker group through the medium of Mayor Rolph. And despite the screams of the Chronicle against this new majority in the board of supervisors, screams that have been principally manifest in charges of un-businesslike management of city affairs, the Havenner supervisors haven't lost strength with the people to any appreciable extent, and they will be a strong force in the next election. Their efforts will unquestionably be against Mayor Rolph and the Fleishhacker domination. It is well within the realms of possibility that they will succeed in removing Jimmie Rolph from office and loosening the Fleishhacker grip. All of which may be more evil than good. Under the present municipal system a dictatorship such as that of Fleishhacker, un-democratic though it may appear to the raging "Hurrah for political freedom" bug, is apparently a good thing. It has been a good thing for the people of San Francisco these many years back, all unbeknownst to them it has.

SPEAKING of "invisible governments", "dictatorships" and the like reminds us that Lincoln Steffens walked into our midst and shocked some of our Best People last Sunday night. We aren't quite certain what the Carmel branch of the International Women's League for Peace and Freedom expected of Mr. Steffens when it extended him an invitation to speak before it, but we are rather sure that whatever it was the organization didn't get it. It was probably assumed that the man who had built up some years ago a reputation as a "muck-raker" was primarily a radical and as such he would have some hard and fast words to say against war and those who are responsible for it. It surely was reasonable to assume that he would be most definitely behind the principles that motivated the organization which he addressed. It was considerable of a shock, therefore, when the assumed pacifist very clearly declared that another war was coming and that the best things we could do were to increase our naval defenses and raise our boys to be soldiers. The staggering effect of this did not subside quickly enough for the audience to assimilate properly Mr. Steffens' explanation that the reason for the conviction that wars would continue in this world of ours is because this world of ours is what it is. He declared that we cannot change the situation until we successfully change the system which makes it possible. He pointed out that this is not easy because the fault does not lie

with the governments we are able to see, but with those we are unable to see, the "invisible governments" in every land that control the visible. He declared that the people cannot conduct a government in a crisis and that in a crisis the people did not expect to control. A dictatorship is inevitably established when danger is most imminent, such as that of Wilson in America, Lloyd George in England and Clemenceau in France during the World War.

The crisis represented by impending war is as great and as desperate as that of war itself, as one begets the other, and it is the inability of the people as a whole, with that somewhat silly, but sacred privilege of suffrage who are unable to meet the situation in peace and thereby are unable to build the road away from war.

Despite the leading questions of some of the members of the peace league, Mr. Steffens could not be moved to hopeful tears over the efforts of the organization which he insisted was working against forces that were immeasurably more active than it. Stephen A. Reynolds, with a question palpably framed for the purpose of providing San Francisco newspaper copy, attempted to draw Mr. Steffens into an admission of interest in the municipal affairs of Carmel, but without much success. Not that our visitor would not be interested, and, without doubt, considerably amused at our funny city councilmen, but he is in Carmel for the ex-

press purpose of a vacation, and not to worry Mayor Jordan and Mr. Wood with any more trials and tribulations that those

(Turn to Page Thirteen)



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Book Notes

NEW EDITION OF CABELL TO BE ISSUED BY McBRIDE SOON

According to the announcement of Robert M. McBride & Company, the Storisende Edition of the Works of James Branch Cabell will be published in the fall of this year.

The books of James Branch Cabell have earned for their author a position unique among contemporary American writers. Today still under fifty, at the height of his career, Mr. Cabell is recognized throughout the world of English letters, as one of the great prose stylists of all time: while yet alive, he has become, in the best and most vital sense, a classic. That is conceded.

It is not so generally known that Mr. Cabell has been working for twenty-five years on a romantic *Comedie Humaine* which covers the last seven centuries; and that each of his novels and stories, whether it concerns itself with Lichfield or with the history of Poictesme, is an integral part of what he refers to as "The Biography"—a Biography of the life of Dom Manuel of Poictesme, alike as that life was lived by him in the rather widely varying fields of fact and of recorded history, and as that life has been perpetuated in the descendants of Dom Manuel down to our present day. Of this Biography, which will consist ultimately of nineteen volumes, sixteen volumes have already been published, a seventeenth is nearing completion, and the two other books are in process of construction.

Recognizing the permanent quality of the Cabellan romances, and comprehending the necessity for issuing them in a form compatible with these books' importance, the publishers have prepared a definitive edition of the entire Biography to be known as the Storisende Edition of the Works of James Branch Cabell. In the manufacture of this collector's edition of nineteen volumes no expense has been spared. The publishers believe this to be one of the most distinguished sets of books, in format as well as in contents, which has yet been published in America.

The Storisende Edition has been designed by William Dana Orcutt, and will be printed and bound under his supervision at the Plimpton Press, Norwood, Massachusetts. The paper is Aurelian deckle edge; the type is Caslon, and the binding is full cloth, with gilt top.

The Storisende Edition will be issued at the rate of three volumes per season commencing with the Autumn of this year. Each volume will be signed by Mr. Cabell and will contain, in addition, a special preface and complete textual revisions. There will be printed 1590 numbered sets, of which 1550 will be offered for sale in the United States and England, after which the type will be destroyed.

Although the books may be paid for as issued at the rate of \$10 per volume,

it will not be possible to purchase individual volumes or broken sets.

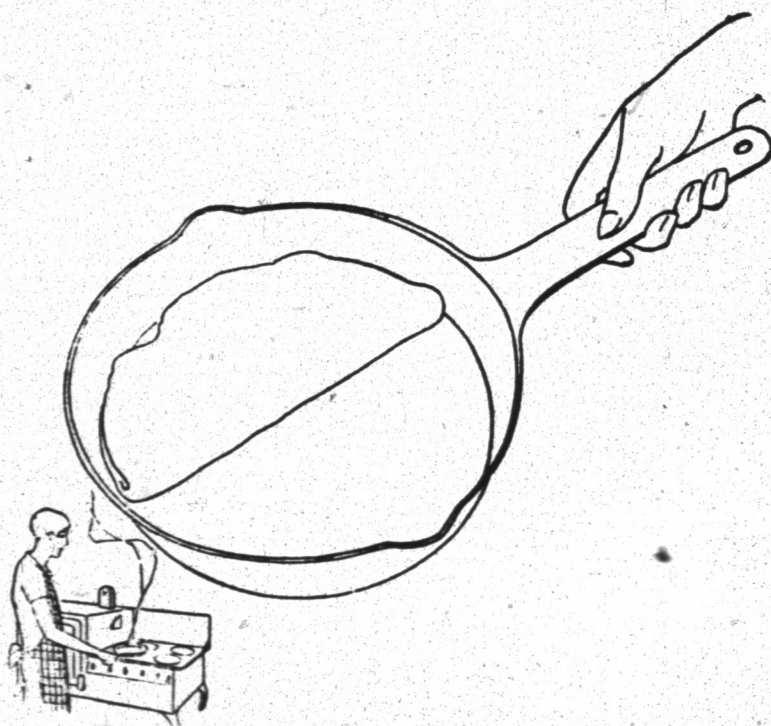
A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF OLD ENGLISH MUSIC

There is a great deal of human interest for the non-musician which must be multiplied many times for those who have made a study of its field in the "Biographical Dictionary of Old English Music" by Jeffrey Pulver, which E. P. Dutton has just published. There, for example, was William Turner, whose father was a cook at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1651. An indefinite suggestion of charm hangs about the scant record of his life. As soon as the restoration of the monarchy permitted the cathedral choirs to officiate once more, young William became one of the choir boys at Christ Church, Oxford, under Edward Lowe. Soon he must have been taken into the Chapel Royal, for there is a warrant to Captain Cooke for his keeping

(301 by the year) after leaving the Chapel, "his voice being changed". As soon as the mutation was over he spent a short time as a chorister at Lincoln Cathedral. The posts he held soon after testify to his popularity at court: Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, vicar-choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, lay-vicar at Westminster Abbey and, "musician in ordinary in his Majesty's private Musick for lute and voyce." He was a friend while still a boy with many who became famous musicians. It is said that he, Pelham Humphrey and John Blow wrote at a day's notice a certain anthem to celebrate a victory over the Dutch—only no victory at that time has ever been discovered.

STRANGE! MAD! TERRIBLE!

"A strange, mad, terrible, beautiful book, full of futility: this is 'Shule Agra'," says Ruth Burr Sanborn, reviewing Kathleen Coyle's novel in the New York Herald-Tribune. "If there is bitter beauty in



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the book, then there is more than a bitter grain of truth. There is a terrible lavishness in it; young lives thrown away, and young loves and old hearts—Roncus's devotion, and the wisdom of Mrs. Mace-doine, and the young revolutionist lying dead with 'all that music shut up in him forever'. There is a sense of the enormous casualness of thing that make a world's difference . . . It has come to a term of high praise in these times to say that here is a book to make you think. 'Shule Agra' is a book to make you feel.

ZONA GALE SAYS:

Enthusiastic comments upon that delightful book, "Toward the Open", by Henry C. Tracy, "biologist, philosopher, humanist, and, as it happens, artist," dwell upon his point that the self-expression of his significant person is not to be arrived at through impulse an animal quality, but through a human quality, a certain awareness of one's self in others. Zona Gale writes: "The book is one of the great contributions to the evaluation of education as life in itself and in relation to society. The chapters 'A Life of Education', and 'A Critique of Satisfaction', are poignant studies of this technique of consciousness, this 'centering of one's attention in effective life', and are indictments of us as having pressed the glory out of life and offered up to the young the dregs as 'subjects'!"

Night Birds

By Elinor Shane Smith

IF you are a bird lover and would like a real thrill, go down to the mouth of the Carmel River—that is, as near as you can get to the lagoon formed by the sand dam at the river's mouth; go about six o'clock, prepared to stay a couple of hours, if need be—six in the evening, I mean.

Get your little camp fire cosily going and have your bird glasses ready, for this is the time that the night herons, the owls, bitterns and lots of other birds come down to eat on the sand flats, or to roost among the low alders and willows; the owls start in their night marauding trips. We saw a big pinky-brown and white fellow, a barn owl, sail over the adjacent field. What was far rarer was a screech owl in almost the same coloring as the barn owl, whereas when we hear his tremulous "Ho-ho-ho-ho" on the still night air we always think of a little grey owl; but we had the luck to see him in his rufous and white phase.

There on the mud flat are sand pipers—parents and children, probing for their supper; a group of kill-deers wheels and utters its plaintive request "kill-deer". Just beyond is a comically long-legged bird for the size of his body a stilt and he too, is probing for little mud dwelling creatures.

"Squak, squak!" cries a pair of night herons followed by a whole group of their

kind, drifting in by twos and threes. A big bittern, his long neck out ahead and his large legs behind, beats up and lumbers off—Grace is not his strong point. Scores of gentle doves drift down to roost and small birds—black phoebes, song sparrows, marsh sparrows, gold finches and others chirp their sleepy good nights. Off in the distance the loud call of the quail tells us that something has disturbed a covey of them in the gathering dusk. Most reluctantly we too hie us to our sleeping places, wondering how early we should have to get up to see the morning flight.

"THREE BAD MEN"

AT GOLDEN BOUGH

Next Friday and Saturday one of the epic pictures of the old west "Three Bad Men", will be shown at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. It records that glamorous episode of American history, when the Dakotas were opened to the white man by the governor granting free land. Playing the title roles of the strangely assorted trio the card sharp, the horse thief, and the desperado, are Frank Campeau, J. Farrell MacDonald, and Tom Santschi. The youthful hero is played by George O'Brien, whose work in "The Iron Horse" under the same director, John Ford, brought him instant recognition on the screen. Olive Borden, enacts the role of the winsome orphan and protege of the terrifying three. In addition to these well known stars the cast includes such favorites as Lou Tellegen, who plays the gambler, Jay Hunt, who starred in "Lightnin'". Others are Otis Harlan, Walter Perry, Priscilla Bonner, Grace Gordon and many more.

A vivid scene in the picture is the rush for the best of the virgin land, when at the roar of a signal cannon, 15,000 people, thousands of head of cattle and hundreds

of vehicles of every description, from prairie schooners to bicycles, break out on the open plain in their mad rush for the unseen goal.

AT THE MANZANITA

Tonight, "Afraid to Love" with Florence Vidor and Clive Brook will be shown; Thursday and Friday, "The Scarlet Letter" with Lillian Gish; Saturday, "Held by Law" with Marguerite La Motte and Ralph Lewis; Sunday "Rookies" with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur; Monday and Tuesday, "Ten Modern Commandments" Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton.

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ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHANGE OF SCHEDULE

EFFECTIVE AUGUST 6, 1927

The 7:15 a. m. from Carmel; the 7:30 p. m. from Monterey; the 8:00 p. m. from Carmel, and the 9:10 p. m. from Monterey will be discontinued. Revised schedule is as follows.

TIME TABLE

Leave Carmel for Monterey		Leave Monterey for Carmel	
8:00	1:00	8:30	1:30
9:30	2:30	10:30	3:30
11:00	5:00	12:00	5:15
	6:00		5:30

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two bagger, and stole third, but Ammerman and Campbell couldn't hit with Gordy on the job, and Vic redeemed himself for his two errors by showing how snappily he could retrieve Otto's liner through short. Then the game was over. Score 12 to 3.

For a little pastime, we counted up the hits. Murphy's got 21 hits and 12 runs, and the All Stars got 7 hits and 3 runs. But, and I may need police protection if I meet any of the Murphy's if they read this there were only three runs out of their twelve that were really earned, By Prior knocking in two of them, and Vic one. But they got them just the same. If those All Stars would practise a bit together, then Mr. Prior's genial smile would not be so much in evidence.

"Kick In"

(Continued from Page One)

law.

One of his friends, Benny, has been accused of stealing a \$50,000 necklace, and Myrtle, Benny's girl, brings the hunted man to Chick's apartment and hides him there. The police can find no clues, and Chick and Molly will tell them nothing, so are dragged into the case themselves. They have a merry time of it, but in the last act, as in all good stories, the truth will out, and everything is straightened out for the hero.

Frank Sheridan is directing the play, and has a splendid cast to work with. Paul Whitman and his crew are more than busy with the scenery and stage settings, and Peter Fredricksen is a tower of strength in this, his particular line. It has been rumoured that Tom Douglass, who catches a fine game at the Park, is catching everything in the construction line. Just leave it to them.

Winsor Josselyn, basely deserted by his benedict brother, has the tickets well in hand. He was looking them over today and said they were "Tax Exempt", but not one word about "Work Exempt". But Winsor likes to work. Look how he runs after the ball when it comes anywhere near left field. As on the diamond nothing and nobody will get by him when he starts in selling those tickets.

The complete cast, with all the Abalone teams and the enthusiastic gallery well represented, is as follows:

Deputy Commissioner Garvey	John McHarlane
"Whip" Fogarty	Tad Stinson
Jack Diggs	Frank Sheridan
Memphis Bessie	Katherine Cooke
Myrtle Sylvester	Marian Todd
Old Tom	Don Hale
Chick Hughes	Byington Ford
Molly Hughes	Tommi Thomson
Mrs. Halloran	Louise Walcott
Daisy	Constance Heron
Charles Cary	Frank Murphy
Gus	Jack Eaton

NO DANCE SATURDAY

Announcement has been made by the

Carmel Parent-Teacher Association that there will be no dance at Sunset School Saturday night.

Why 'Abie's Irish Rose'?

NEXT week "Abie's Irish Rose" is making its farewell appearance in San Francisco, from where it was forced to go to Los Angeles before the run was completed. This play opened in New York on May 22, 1922, and last Saturday night, August 6, 1927, established the world's record of a long run, thus far enjoyed by Chu Chin Chow in London, that ran 2238 performances. It is always interesting to examine plays that have enjoyed record breaking runs. Of course the best dramas in our language never do so, whether they be dramas of ideas or merely brilliant comedies. The distinguished drama may draw the public for a little time, but "St. Joan", and "The Importance of Being Earnest", seem to have a limited public, and even the unlimited public of childhood did not put "Peter Pan" into the record class.

The critics left the theater with derisive guffaws the first time "Abie's Irish Rose" was shown, and the sophisticated first nighters said that it was a terrible show. The author, Anne Nichols, wept tears of mortification. But they were all wrong. The people who go to the box office and buy tickets disagreed so completely with the experts, that a world's record has been established.

Some people have tried to explain "Abie's Irish Rose", with its commonness, its banality and its comic strip humour. All one can say is that it appears to be what the public wants. But there are proofs to hand that it is not an indication of mental deterioration peculiar to the present generation. There never was a worse play or novel perpetrated than Uncle Tom's Cabin, and yet its popularity still persists. If figures were available, they would probably show that no play written in the United States has ever been done so many times, and though "Abie's Irish Rose" may equal it as a dramatic monstrosity, I doubt whether it will show equal vitality in the long run.

Just this month Anne Nichols has been forced to send her play to the provinces in England, after a run of only sixteen weeks. She was so sure that it would duplicate the American run that she engaged her company for seventy-two weeks. But the houses remained fairly empty, and many bets were lost.

The popularity of Chu Chinn Chow can be explained by the Great War, with thousands of young men returning on leave to London, aching for laughter and music and a glimpse of pretty girls. The only thing to do is to accept the popularity of "Abie's Irish Rose" as a fact, and to marvel at it. If it has exerted any influence at all on the theater in this country, it is an encouragement for writers to keep on turning out plays that are, critically, beneath contempt.

—HILDA

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Notes and Comment

(Continued from Page Nine)

which already sit so heavily on their shoulders.

WE USED about 32 cents worth of gasoline last night to get to our home which is approximately four blocks from The Cymbal office. We went on a long peregrination, up through Carmel Woods and back along Dolores street, skirting and dodging sewer ditches until in our mind's eye was a long elongated grave that haunted us in our sleep. But the sewer must be constructed and in the main the residents of the section who are facing the annoyance of closed streets and impassable driveways are taking it all good-naturedly—in fact, they are taking it much more good-naturedly than some of the men who are doing the work. The other morning when we left home Monte Verde street, this ide of Third, was the same old street; in the afternoon, on our return, it was something awful. We detoured around an automobile, apparently stalled in the middle of the street, dodged the Frankenstein ditch digger and were about to dash up on what looked like a clear roadway beyond the sidewalk when we observed a string tied across our path. Four-wheel brakes saved the string, but they did not save us from the wrath of one of the construction men. He saw the impending danger to his piece of string and he swore at us. We had with us a lady who began some 35 years ago trying to prevent us from learning all those words and naturally we were embarrassed at the man's language. We admonished him and after climbing a few pine trees and mistreating a manzanita bush, we achieved our fireside. Now we happen to know that Mr. Niles, who is in charge of sewer work here, is very much of a gentleman, and we suggest to him that he ask his men to be as much like him as possible. We townspeople are sorry that it is necessary for us to traverse our streets, go places, see people and do things, but it is. We are ready and willing to climb dirt piles, jump ditches and run from rock showers after a blast, and we don't exactly think that we should suffer the added annoyance of being sworn at while we are doing it. It may be a pernicky attitude on our part, but that's our story and we stick to it.

WILL the person who thoughtlessly, maliciously, or otherwise, took the bound Volume II of The Cymbal from The Cymbal office have a heart and return it. It is the only one we retained and although it isn't anything so wonderful we prize it highly for the principal reason that it is the only one we have. If you are just borrowing it, bring it back with that explanation and we will accept gladly both the volume and the explanation. If you have stolen it and are now ashamed of yourself and want to get a new and clear note from your conscience

just bring the book back at some hour late in the night when we don't happen to be here and leave it at the door. Please.

"Dusty Answer"

By Rosamund Lehmann

(Reviewed by Christopher Morley)

THE COMPETENT reader will not need to go further than the second page of this novel to know that he face to face with something genuine and beautifully troublesome.

We have not had since "The Constant Nymph" a first novel of such brilliant, cruel and tender beauty. The obvious comment will be made: that once again, as so often in these recent years, a young woman writer has shown a pair of Atlanta's heels to the heavy-footed pack. But it would be an added gaucherie to qualify Rosamund Lehmann as young or promising or a woman or as anything indeed but superb and reckless artist in any scale or measure. One mentions her sex only because there is so finely and passionately a feminine quality in this book's joy and hurt. One may truly say of the book, in the phrase traditional toward any much loved creature of the so-called Opposite Sort, that one adores it.

The book is divinely young. It has its minor uncertainties, too trifling to specify. But it soars. It rises on clean curves of pain and ecstasy. I earnestly warn anyone against it who is not willing to be profoundly troubled and wrung. It is full of the highest voltage of sensibility, the same kind of fretting stealthy fire that makes one take such a book as Watherine Mansfield's Journals in small doses. Its sharp cruel delicacy of observation tingles the most cryptic nerves.

The earlier portions of the book, describing the girlhood of Judith, her dreams and memories of the children next door, are a sheer triumph, and full of the savoriest humor. A clear glow of charm pervades those episodes, and a true wisdom. What a feeling Lehmann has for trees, gardens, rivers, for all sorts of flowers and foliages, bright things and wet things, liquids, colors and shinings. It would be hard to think of any more recklessly lovely evocation of all the pangs and persuasions of a garden childhood. There is very little such writing in this country; perhaps because we have very few such gardens. The family next door can rarely be of such profound and mysterious meaning to an American child, because in America there would be no wall between the gardens.

The portion of the book that deals with Judith's college life at Cambridge will be a disturbance to some readers. Others, the majority certainly, will hardly guess all the suggestions. I admit that the thick-lipped Geraldine did not horrify me, because I found her hardly an integral part of the story. She is perhaps a concession to modernism, a gracious wave of the hand toward the Aegean. More in my line, I admit, is the gorgeous description of a col-

lege examination.

I am prepared to hear any number of people who are dismayed by this book, or saddened by it, or puzzled. But no one can tell me it is not beautiful. It has life in it. Rub it and you bruise its brave white flesh; cut it and it bleeds. It has life in it, bitter life, and has it abundantly. In its own sex and psyche it is as honest a portrait as "Tom Jones".

Wanted:—A high school girl would like place to work in private home while attending school. Very fond of children. Address P. O. Box 801, Carmel.

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ARGO-NOUGHTS

SOME prominent radio officials were on the Peninsula last week and one of them said that he thought very soon a number of radio stations in the State would merge. Now it was our impression from the conglomeration of sounds heard at a neighbor's radio one evening last week that the stations have been doing this every night since the inception of radio.

MOST of the fun at the Circus last Saturday was held in front of Cabbages and Kings and Eliot and Marian's, where a bright (?) group gathered and proceeded to understudy the clowns. They had cut and ribbon confetti, and made good use of it. Then one, who will remain unhonored and unsung, produced about a dozen large empty tin containers. The bunch then waited, and when a car with dignified and out of town passengers would come, one of the group would stop it politely and say, "It is Circus day in Carmel, and may we not decorate your car?"

Nearly everyone of the strangers bit, and while polite and cheery Carmelites tied bright streamers to the radiator cap and windshield, Tad Stinson and gang would repair to the rear of the car and tie thereto a large and empty can. Then the car would start down the street, and it sounded like war days in France, or an explosion in a boiler factory. As one wrathful motorist said to a friend, "I would never have bit if the girl who asked me hadn't been so damn polite and demure looking." Which reminds us of Kipling when he wrote,

"Cock the gun that isn't loaded, cook the frozen dynamite

"But oh beware my country, when my country grows polite!"

FRANCIS Reiners came running up Ocean Avenue on Monday, and meeting Louise Walcott cried "Can you tell me where Gus is?" Louise said "Now Frances, do you mean your mother or the Chief of Police, for he is recuperating from a motor accident?"

"The Chief of Police" answered Frances "Our cat is lost and I just know no one else but Gus can find him for me".

WE were listening — a small international group of us — to the dedication ceremonies at the Peace Bridge coming in over the radio on Sunday morning. During the ceremony the broadcaster remarked "That noise you hear now is caused by a plane that came too near the crowd and the mike."

Mrs. Boke, who moved very close to the loudspeaker so she could hear the speeches looked up and said,

"Years ago when we used to have picnics at the mouth of the river the cranes would fly right down and pick at the food,

but I never heard one make a noise like that."

THE Abalone League play, "Kick In" is getting more than its share of publicity in Monterey. Even if it is a crook play, and has a scene in a court room, one of the scenes in the Monterey Court Room is good enough to tell about. This week Katharine Cooke, who plays Memphis Bessie in "Kick In", and Marian Ford, who has charge of the properties, went over to see Louis Trenner, State Traffic officer. They asked him politely if he could let them have a pair of hand cuffs, for that kind of cuffs cannot be found in a haberdashery.

Louis, who is never surprised at anything a Carmelite may ask for, said "Sure you can have them, who are they for?"

"For Mr. Ford" answered Kit.

Louis took the handcuffs out of his pocket and handed them to Marian and said "Here they are Mrs. Ford, and do you want a key too?"

Then the girls explained just what they were for, and the officers, satisfied that Pebble Beach and the Abalone League hadn't gone entirely wrong, said they were only too glad to help the league out, and promised to attend the show.

SCHINDLER LECTURES HERE

R. M. Schindler, internationally known as an exponent of ultra modern architecture lectured in the John Hagemeyer studio to an interested group on Monday night. He is holding an exhibition of his work in this line and it is indicative of the trend of the times. The photographs and prints that he is showing will be on view August 6 to 14, and is open to the public.

LITTLE ADS.

FOR SALE—A fine Emerson piano, also walnut furniture from private home. Call at 219 19 street, Pacific Grove. 2t

FOR RENT—By the year, on September 1, 'charming,' plastered English-type house. Accommodates 3. Beautifully furnished. Rent very reasonable to right parties. Address The Cymbal or Box 1267.

LOST—on beach Child's Hat Box containing clothing. Return to Cymbal Office.

WANTED—For cash, a small summer home on one or two lots, or two unimproved lots. Give location and price. Address P. O. Box, 1158, Carmel.

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A MUCH MIS-USED TERM

Dog fanciers about Carmel are often asked about a "thorough-bred" puppy by persons who are unaware of the meaning of the term. The following article from the Kenel Review will be enlightening to some:

"There are a number of terms that the average breeder does not understand, and for his benefit I will try to make these terms clear.

First the term thoroughbred; there are a number of breeders who use this word when they mean pure-bred. A pure-bred dog cannot be a thoroughbred. When a breeder of pure-bred animals reads an advertisement offering thoroughbred dogs for sale he forms the opinion that the advertiser is a small breeder with very little knowledge of the breeding game. He reads the advertisement and moves on.

The term pure-bred is applied to an offspring resulting from the mating of highly improved parents; pure-bred and usually registered.

The term thoroughbred refers to a specific breed of horses (the running horse). The thoroughbred derives his origin from the union of Arabian, Turkish and Barb blood with the lighter type of English horses".

LOST—Cigarette holder, copper with enameled panel, between Carmel and Pebble Beach. Please return to Cymbal office. Reward.

Wrought Iron

The Forge in The Oaks

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View sites—marine view sites that can never be cut off—valley view sites—views of Mission, sea and mountains, the broad lagoon at the river mouth, incomparable Point Lobos—views that cannot be surpassed anywhere—view sites of ample area for the best class of homes are available at from \$1050 up.

Nowhere will gardens grow more rapidly and delightfully than on this fertile ground which the Costanoan Indians cleared and tilled for the Mission Padres.

If you have a mind to acquire an ideal building site at Carmel now or ever, do not overlook the Mission Mesa.

Telephone the Carmel Land Company and a car will be sent to show you this fine property.

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